



# Tattersall's Club Magazine

The  
**OFFICIAL ORGAN  
OF  
TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
SYDNEY.**

Vol. 13. No. 3. 1st May, 1940.



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# TATTERSALL'S CLUB MAGAZINE

The Official Organ of Tattersall's Club, 157 Elizabeth Street, Sydney

Vol. 13. No. 3

1st May, 1940



Established 1858

Chairman:  
W. W. HILL

•

Treasurer:  
S. E. CHATTERTON

•

Committee:  
H. C. BARTLEY  
GEORGE CHIENE  
JOHN HICKEY  
A. J. MATTHEWS  
JOHN H. O'DEA  
JOHN A. ROLES  
W. J. SMITH  
F. G. UNDERWOOD

•

Secretary:  
T. T. MANNING

TATTERSALL'S CLUB was established on the 14th May, 1858, and is the leading sporting and social Club in Australia.

The Club House is up-to-date and replete with every modern convenience for the comfort of members, while the Dining Room is famous for quality food and reasonable prices.

On the third floor is the only elevated Swimming Pool in Australia, which, from the point of view of utility and appearance, compares favourably with any indoor Pool in any Club in the World.

The Club conducts four days' racing each year at Randwick Racecourse, and its long association with the Turf may be judged from the fact that Tattersall's Club Cup was first run at Randwick on New Year's Day, 1868.

The Club's next Race Meeting will be held at Randwick on Saturday, 11th May, 1940.

# In Memory of James Barnes

**T**HE memory of James Barnes will pervade this Club while its material substance endures. Never in its long history was it served more worthily by any man. Among its administrators he ranked with the notables. Death robbed us only of his presence. His guidance remains in the record of his achievement. When he passed, peacefully, on May 1, an epoch in the life of the Club was closed.

It was not alone what he did that counted. It was what also he inspired; the momentum he gave to men and events by gifts of leadership, by far-seeing faculties, and a will that shirked no challenge or sidestepped any issue.

In the change-over from the old to the new premises he stood out as a great figure. The movement was energised by his forceful personality. Yet James Barnes worked admirably as one of a team. He referred — even deferred — to others. He led in the final analyses, rather than followed, by reason of his better equipment.

There is nothing more significant in the chronicle of Club events than that the greatest progress was registered during his chairmanship from 1916 until 1929. Perhaps that was due a good deal to his ability to have men pull with, rather than against, him. He gained by being a steady influence as much almost as by being a driving force. He held his team together. Men rallied to him. They became infected with his enthusiasms, believing in the things he advocated in large measure because they believed in him and never held his motives suspect. In short, they shared his faith, and would no more abandon whatsoever they undertook in union with him any more than they would abandon him.

So it is that the passing of James Barnes is felt most as a personal loss by members. They feel that a friendly man, as well as an able counsellor, has passed. They recall his personal charm, his great generosity, his deep understanding of all manner of men, and, in the sporting realm, they feel that a symbol has gone.

Mr. Barnes became a member of Tattersall's Club as long ago as 1896. Although in recent times he was not among us as often as previously, he had left an imprint that guaranteed him lasting remembrance. Members frequenting the Club Room daily are moved to bright and happy memory by an oil painting of the grand old man as he was in later years. He desired no finer memorial than that he should live on in the memory of friends.

Mr. Barnes was a man of very many interests. While he retained close contact with business affairs always, he found time to take active part in racing and trotting, particularly. He was one of those instrumental in the formation of the Owners', Breeders', and Trainers' Association, and was president of the N.S.W. Trotting Club. Besides those activities, he was for many years a vice-president of the Royal Agricultural Society.

He raced many horses in his time, but the one for which he had most affection was probably Satmoth, which won for him a Tattersall's Club Cup, and was beaten only by a head for a James Barnes' Plate. The

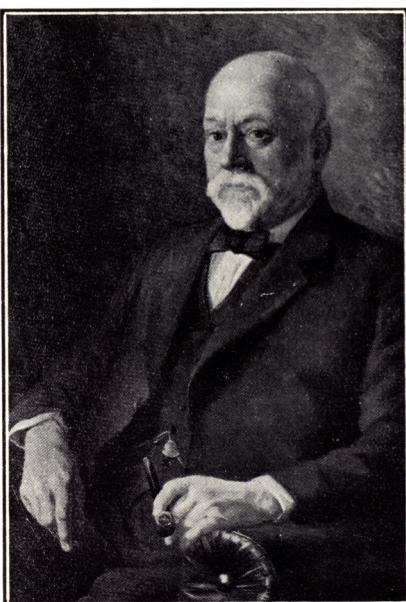
latter race was instituted by Tattersall's Club in 1929, to mark the outstanding service rendered the Club by its former chairman.

Perhaps he regarded no tribute in life more highly than the naming of the James Barnes' Plate after him. It will now serve to keep his memory evergreen.

The committee and members, through the medium of their magazine offer to the family a sincere expression of sorrow. They feel that his life was symbolised by his racing colours—all white.

Speaking on behalf of the committee, the chairman (Mr. W. W. Hill) said:

"We are all moved by feelings of deep regret at the passing of Mr. James Barnes. His was a long and distinguished life, marked by splendid deeds of philanthropy and wise guidance to his fellow men. His grand service to the Club over so many years is too well known to all to need emphasis."



Mr. James Barnes.

# The Club Man's Diary

MAY BIRTHDAYS: Mr. C. F. J. Longworth, 1st; Messrs. L. M. Browne and D. F. Stewart, 4th; Messrs. H. C. Bartley and A. G. Noble, 6th; Messrs. L. P. R. Bean and G. A. Crawford, 7th; Mr. F. F. Copland, 10th; Mr. J. Goldberg, 15th; Dr. L. S. Loewenthal, 16th; Mr. R. H. Cumming, 18th; Mr. de Renzie Rich and Mr. L. J. Heron, K.C., 22nd; Mr. R. B. Barmby, 25th; Mr. W. J. Smith, Mr. G. Chiene, 28th; Judge Clancy, 30th; Mr. A. B. Abel, 31st.

\* \* \*

An early winter is predicted, and evidence thereof should be provided in May, according to reports:

*I kiss good-bye to my Lady Surf,  
I wave farewell to a blue-toned  
sky,  
The playful swish of the morning  
shower  
No more my voice to the ceiling  
high  
Shall waft in the notes of fervent  
song.  
Content I'll dwell 'neath the  
blankets snug,  
Dreaming . . . Let others feel the  
sting  
Of the surf's sharp teeth—say,  
I'm no mug . . .*

*And I'm no hero who dares to do.  
When the breakers roll on the  
wind-swept shore  
Mark me as missing, but count me  
in  
When the call goes round for a  
game of "draw."*

\* \* \*

When Mr. S. E. Chatterton bought a Spearfelt colt at the Easter yearling sales, he found that it had been foaled on September 17th, his own birthday. There seemed a chance here for an appropriate name, but it proved not so easy as it appeared.

The final choice, War Spear, combines the sire's name in part with the world's major occupation to-day.

A bright memory remains of the late John Henry Saunders among those who in life knew him best as a genuine and generous friend. He had not been in good health for some time, but he kept up a courageous front to the world, and never relaxed interest in its transactions. He was a keen man of business, and, as a committeeman of this Club in the past, gave good service. Members who were his guests socially recall his generosity and the grand manner in which he played host at his Point Piper home. Those were memorable evenings. Mr. Saunders was an enthusiastic patron of racing, and several horses carried his colours at one time.

\* \* \*

We have been informed that those friends who cut off the tails of horses at Homebush escaped detection. But do they, and their like, get away with it altogether? I think not. For a deed so foul there is a penalty to be paid, ultimately. It will be exacted in good time, and in good measure. By whom we may only guess.

Cruelty is kept track of—just as is trickery. Ever heard of the Law of Compensation? It is not to be found in any human Statute; but its application to humanity is more certain and constant than the complete penal code. That's why all of us, or most of us, occasionally receive, as we occasionally pay out. Our ledger of life is being adjusted by this moral force, unseen and unsuspected.

Some understand more about it than others; but all experience it. So the fellows who stole the tails of the horses for the sake of a measly quid or so—while inflicting incalculable misery on the animals—will have to meet their obligation with compound interest, however they may escape the penalty of the law as the courts apply it.

The Rugby Union game claimed in Mr. Reg. P. Browne more than an enthusiast. He was a zealot in the best meaning of that term. For half a century he followed the game on the suburban green, on the important playing fields—even accompanying teams abroad. His was a presence that was felt everywhere. He left an evergreen memory which his recent death will not wither in the passage of time. Sincere sympathy is felt for his brother, Mr. L. M. Browne, and members of the family in the loss of one so treasured.

\* \* \*

Printed on the leaf of my calendar on St. George's Day (April 23):—

*If England was what England  
seems,  
And not the England of our  
dreams  
But only putty, brass, an' paint,  
'Ow quick we'd chuck 'er!  
But she ain't.*

—Kipling.

\* \* \*

Mr. George Woodstock Carr had bravely carried on and lived a full life, although handicapped by illness for some time before his death. He was one of the most cheerful of fellows, and set an example to many who claimed more of the asset of good health than he. Best of the horses he raced as "Mr. G. Lightford" were Whittingham and Denis.

\* \* \*

Grimsby Fishermen's War Auxiliary Fund (England) will benefit by £535/3/6, as a result of raffling a case of champagne given by Mr. Jacques Bollinger, French airman and managing director of Bollinger and Coy., champagne makers of Ay, France. Mr. Bollinger said that the Fund was opened to relieve hardship among dependents of fishermen lost through mine-sweeping and other services. Members of the Grimsby Fisher Fleet have done magnificent work during a winter of great severity.

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At this writing, Mr. R. A. Berry's health is not all that it might be, or that his many friends would wish. They extend through this medium their sympathy and goodwill. All hope that his recovery will be sure and speedy, and that soon again they will greet him on the sunny side.

\* \* \*

Mr. Gilbert Lang Murray was only 50 years when death intruded into a life that had been well and worthily lived. The friendships he built will be such a sincere memorial as he would have wished.

\* \* \*

The banquet tendered Mr. Herc McIntyre by his associates of the motion picture industry was a tribute such as Herc merited after 20 years up among the leaders as a force for goodwill, as well as for his splendid service to his company and to the movie world in general.

\* \* \*

The late Randwick trainer, Alfred Foley, was a member of Tattersall's Club for forty years. A native of Collie, he went to school in Dubbo, and at week-ends cantered his horse sixty miles to home with the same ease as a present-day schoolboy would ride on a tram. Master of his profession, he did not believe in paying fancy prices for horses, and the total cost of Cher Amie, Berthier and Fashoda was under a hundred pounds. They all won good races at Randwick. Other good horses that he prepared were Hoax, Neith Giru, Famous, Poi Dance, Lady Minnie, Black Prince and Wee Willie.

A great horseman himself, he tutored several good jockeys, including his nephews, P. J. Foley (Derby, on Cider), Fred Foley (Melbourne Cup, on Sassinoff) and A. C. Thomas (Doncaster, on Cher Amie). Foley had a reputation of frequently tricking the touts at Randwick, and until a few years ago, often rode his own horses slow exercise on the track. A man of integrity, he was very well respected by all who knew him. His two sons, Bill and Bob, are on the land—the former having a property at Coolah; and the latter in the Walgett district. The late Mr. Foley was in his 78th year at the time of his death.

## ON ACTIVE SERVICE

**While the Club is earnestly desirous of taking formal farewell of those of its members enlisted for service overseas—a good intention shared by individual members—there are difficulties in the way of promoting a get-together. Dates of departure are necessarily secret and, therefore, leave cannot be regimented to the conveniences of civil life. Arrangements to suit some would find others unavailable.**

**Individual members who have wished privately to take leave of soldiers have been up against the same problem.**

**However unfortunately plans may have miscarried, and while it may be possible yet to get together sufficient soldier-members for a formal farewell, there is this, meantime, to be said to the boys:—"We are mighty proud of you all."**

**The committee resolved at a recent meeting that the names of members proceeding overseas with the A.I.F. should be transferred to the list of absentee members, without payment of any subscription during their absence.**

**The committee desires that members who already have enlisted—and others on enlisting—will advise the secretary, so that the terms of the resolution may be applied to their membership.**

**Members on the absentee service list at this time of writing are:—Messrs. D. S. I. Burrows, F. O. Chilton, L. Frederick, G. L. Gee, Dr. A. F. Janes, Dr. D. B. Loudon, Mr. E. R. Manning, Dr. Yorke Pittar, Mr. J. C. Pooley and Mr. G. S. B. Rich.**

Since the previous issue of this magazine, Frank Wootton passed, and to his father, Mr. Richard Wootton, and members of the family, sincere expressions of sorrow have been conveyed. As he inherited many of the gifts of his father, so Frank Wootton claimed also his senior's human qualities.

My first impressions of Frank were gained at a social evening given in his honour. I was interested in his personal exploits abroad. He turned the conversation deftly to other subjects and other personalities. While I came away knowing little of Frank Wootton, my information on English racing, as it touched others, was greatly reinforced.

He was on guard always against anything that savoured of self-praise. I think that reticence and reserve usually distinguish men of more than average accomplishment.

\* \* \*

If you want a poem that fits the present state of affairs in Europe, although it was written 30 years ago, try "The Cry of the Little Peoples," by Richard Le Gallienne:

*The cry of the Little Peoples went up to God in vain—  
The Czechs and the Poles, and the Finns, and the Schleswig Dane.*

*We ask but a little portion of the green ambitious Earth;  
Only to sow and sing and reap in the land of our birth.*

*And what shall you gain if you take us and bind us and beat us with thongs,  
And drive us to sing underground in a whisper our sad little songs?*

There are 18 other couplets. You will find the poem in Le Gallienne's "New Poems," published in 1909.

\* \* \*

The sad news of the death of Mr. James Barnes was received after the printing of the back cover of this issue. The conditions of the James Barnes' Plate have been amended accordingly.



## THE DIVINE HOUR OF DINING



LCULLUS called it. And Lucullus should have known. He was not only a famous warrior of ancient Rome, but he was also a great host, a devotee of delectable dishes. His banquets were models of fine fare and superb service. "Lucullan" epitomises all that is desirable in every phase of the modern dining room. To excel, it should enshrine the Lucullan legend. Once, in the absence of guests, the chef asked of his master whether it would be essential to prepare dinner with the usual munificence, and received the reply : "To-night, Lucullus dines with Lucullus," meaning that there could be no occasion worthier of a superlative show of cuisine. The spirit of Lucullus lives anew in the dining room of Tattersall's Club. Here you experience the refreshment of that hour surrendered to leisure, "the divine hour of dining"—when relish is imparted to the fare by the service Lucullus commanded. Here you may bring friends to dine in an atmosphere of quiet dignity with no distractions. Here you will find respite in the repast. You may "let down" mentally, being assured of prompt but unobtrusive service, and of fare unexcelled in the city. Your friends will feel honoured by your hospitality. Your desires as a host will have been fulfilled.

## The Club Man's Diary

Written for "Tattersall's Club Magazine" by the daughter of a member. She is attached as a nursing sister to the A.I.F. in Palestine.

"The drive up there was an eye-opener, over flat country through camps and villages, of which I can write little, except that the villages were extraordinary, with squat, mud houses, mostly of dome-shaped rooms that had withstood the weather of the ages. They were similar to pictures of Esquimeaux huts. No sign of heating or cooking was evident, which showed how little wood there was in the country. All has to be imported. A kind of camel peat is used by Arabs, but is of little value as a heater.

The women mostly stay out of sight. The majority that do appear are veiled. Some look attractive in colourful hand-embroidered frocks. Carrying water pitchers on their heads gives them a graceful, swinging walk. Shoulders are carried beautifully.

The fences are mainly prickly pear. Looks like Queensland after leaving the camp area and passing through groves of orange and citrus trees, heavily laden. The skins of the fruit look clear and clean, with no blemishes or black spot. The flesh is juicy and there are no seeds or pips. They are sold by the natives, about 5 for one farthing.

The road was good and flat till we hit the hills. The colour of "them thar hills" would tear your heart out—I think they are more beautiful, though similar, to the Darling Downs. There are practically no modern houses on the way. The only ones I have seen are in Jerusalem itself. Quite a few English camps were met on the way. A glorious sight was when we started to climb the hills and came on a crack cavalry regiment taking exercise.

The hills around Jerusalem are of curious formation. They appear to rise as though built in ter-

races. It is here in the hills that fierce Arabs hide and snipe at will. There are so many hidden holes and caves.

Many of these terraces have been cleared of stones and planted with olive groves. Some of the trees are hundreds of years old and are hollow and gnarled, but still bearing, and will probably continue to do so for hundreds of years.

On one hill is a famous old Crusader Church. The tower is the original Crusade tower and so are the foundations. There is also a huge and well-preserved statue of the Virgin Mary standing on top of the hill, which commands a view of the surrounding country. It looks down into a fertile valley known as the Valley of the Grapes. Apparently it was once a famous vineyard. There are still signs of it.

Lots of Crusade ruins are seen, including a church dating before Crusade times. Some of the houses built on these old foundations have three or four storeys, and this funny roof on top. No chimneys or pipes. It must be more than cold in winter time. We see natives in their sheep-skins—skin side out in wet weather and wool side out in fine. Wool side could be worn out in wet weather for a wash without any trouble.

Before we came to this statue of the Virgin, on the side of the hill is a huge Trappist Monastery. It seems an odd place to have a closed order parked. It is rather modern in looks, but I don't think it is actually. Its gardens are glorious. The monks have worked hard on it for years. Beautiful trees, too. One does miss them so here.

After leaving the Crusade town or village, the old 'bus climbed very high, and there before our eyes is an awful spiral road. It is a most fearsome sight looking down on it. Travelling down it is a horrible feeling. One keeps forgetting they keep to the opposite side of the road here, and you want to lean over and grab the wheel and give

it a twist to starboard or port. We were glad when we were through that.

Then we climbed up and looked down on Jerusalem, which is commercialised to the 'nth degree. It's old and new, it's dirty and clean, affluent and poverty stricken, beautiful streets and ugly lanes, handsome and ugly people. Arab, Jew, Egyptian—every possible race from Europe—walk its streets. It seems both furtive and frank, and, above all, is the Religion, and a most unholy holiness. It's impossible to describe it. It is not built on a flat. It is all up and down hills and valleys. That is what is termed New Jerusalem. Old Jerusalem is enclosed within the walls.

New Jerusalem is built on the foundations of Crusade times. From time immemorial it has been fought over, and, therein, lies its mystery.

Surmounting all, of course, are the numerous religions, and the faith and seriousness of each. There are three "Sundays" in Palestine—Christian and Arab the same, Jew on Saturday, and Moslem on Friday. Some Jew folk here reckon on the week being made up of three yesterdays and four to-morrows. In Palestine it's rather like that.

I went for a walk down to the Garden of Gethsemane. It gave you a curious Holy feeling when you got in, but a garrulous old Monk, smelling strongly of garlic and with a most appalling American accent, spoilt it all.

The Church of Nations is so called because the domed roof is made of mosaic presented by various nations. Each dome was given by a different nation and is truly wonderful in design and execution. It is not gold leaf, but pure gold. The church is built around the Rock of Agony and upon the foundations of two other churches—one built by Constantine's wife, and one built by the Crusaders. There is a constant running stream, from which Christ is supposed to have drunk. The original olive trees are in the Garden, and there is just something about it all that is sublimely tranquil."



Ted Scorfield, famous "Bulletin" artist, gives us this impression of his favourite phrase — "No, thanks, I'd rather have a Red Capstan."

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# RURAL MEMBERS

*Mr. E. R. Hawke, of Dubbo.*

Mr. E. R. Hawke, of Dubbo, is one of the State's best-known stock and station agents.

"Hawke, of Dubbo," is a phrase used all over the western portion of N.S.W., and in Bourke, Nymang, Narromine, and other centres, his transactions have assumed large proportions.

Held in the highest esteem on all sides, it is recorded how old-timers relied on his judgment through the years, and newcomers have been consistently advised not to make any serious move without first getting the O.K. from Mr. E. R. Hawke. Being a man of the land, he, obviously, can differentiate between horses and cattle. He can even see beauty in a bunch of barley, but, like many others in similar walks of life, he turns to bowls for recreation, and you will find him "rolling 'em up" whenever opportunity offers.

"E.R." is in the champion class, too. Away back in 1924 he played No. 3 in the winning rink of Country Week, and again in 1925 he repeated the dose. As entries range from 500 upwards, it will be observed our worthy is far removed from the ordinary. He capped the performances quoted by skipping

the winning four in 1935. No other player has won the triple. Fortunately, bowls is, nowadays, considered of such importance that frequent visits to the city are made. In such manner are we enabled to shake hands with a great chap much more frequently than would otherwise be the case.

*Mr. Herbert Neller, of Coramba.*

Mr. Herbert Neller is one of that clan who makes firm friends with the first handshake. He makes them everywhere and, believe it or not, he seems to bob up everywhere.

Herbert has a hobby, and, when not engaged in building blocks of flats in Sydney, pursues same with a sincerity of purpose fully worthy the cause—buying businesses in the country where the assets are chiefly liquid.

As this issue went to Press, our worthy was stationed at Coramba, but, in the past, it has been necessary to forward his mail to West Maitland, Bundarra, Port Macquarie, Chinderah, Boggabilla and Coolah, etc. Maybe he is making new friends now in other quarters.

Known throughout the whole State, the name Neller appearing

over a business as proprietor is a welcome sign to locals and travellers. As a host, he has few equals, and, among his virtues, is a remarkable faculty for remembering the names of all with whom he comes in contact.

That is a virtue, indeed, and the reaction of those who are addressed correctly by name, probably hundreds of miles away from the place of first meeting, is that Herbert Neller is a type of his own; a good type and his joviality makes associates eager for the next merry meeting.

## CO-OPERATION !

To walk around, to compromise, to co-operate, would save those of us inclined unnecessarily to worry a great deal of heartburning. In other words to make peace on terms with minor irritations, and ignore much of annoyance that may be documented among the "it really doesn't matter," assures you a better deal in life. Remember the story of the American darkie, Uncle Joe, who was always cheerful in spite of having had more than his share of life's troubles. How did he do it? "Well, I'll tell yo'," replied Uncle Joe. "I'se just learned to co-operate wid de inevitable."

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TATTERSALL'S CLUB  
157 ELIZABETH STREET,  
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Notice is hereby given that the Annual General Meeting of the Members will be held in the Club Room on Wednesday, 15th May, 1940, at 8 o'clock p.m.

**BUSINESS:**

- (a) To confirm Minutes of Annual General Meeting of Members held on the 3rd May, 1939.
- (b) To adopt the Annual Report, Profit and Loss Account, Balance Sheet and accompanying Statements for the year ended 29th February, 1940.
- (c) To elect a Chairman.  
Mr. W. W. Hill retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (d) To elect a Treasurer.  
Mr. S. E. Chatterton retires in accordance with the Rules, and being eligible, offers himself for re-election.
- (e) To elect Four Members to serve on the Committee for Two Years.  
Messrs. G. Chiene, A. J. Matthews, J. A. Roles and W. J. Smith are the retiring Members of the Committee, all of whom are eligible for re-election and offer themselves accordingly.
- (f) To elect an Auditor or Auditors.  
Messrs. Horley & Horley and Starkey & Starkey retire, and offer themselves for re-election.
- (g) To transact any other business that may be brought before the Meeting in accordance with the Rules of the Club.

N.B.—Nominations for the office of Chairman, Treasurer, or Member of Committee, signed by two Members, and with the written consent of the Nominee endorsed thereon, must be handed to the Secretary twenty-one days at least previous to the Annual General Meeting.

Nominations for Auditors must be lodged not later than 12 noon, 6th May, 1940.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.

28th March, 1940.

# America's Tribute to the English Turf

The champion horse in the United States last year was the three-year-old Challedon. He ran 15 races during that period, won nine of them and was unplaced only once. In two seasons he has been successful 21 times and earned 252,235 dollars in prize money.

I have just received a copy of "American Race Horses," 1939 (3.50 dollars), an annual review by John Hervey published in handsome form by the Sagamore Press, New York. The author, conforming to the general view, makes Challedon his "horse of the year" and describes him as "a colt that embodies, in a truly magnificent way, all that we through the centuries have come to consider the incarnation of the word 'thoroughbred'." The superlative merit of Challedon and particularly the authoritative opinion I have just quoted will be regarded with particular pleasure and interest, as his sire Challenger II was bred at the National Stud and imported into the United States from England. Laura Gal, the colt's dam, is by the imported Sir Gallahad III (bred in France) out of Laura Dianti, by Wrack, twice winner of the Newbury Spring Cup and the champion hurdler before the late Lord Rosebery sold him to the United States.

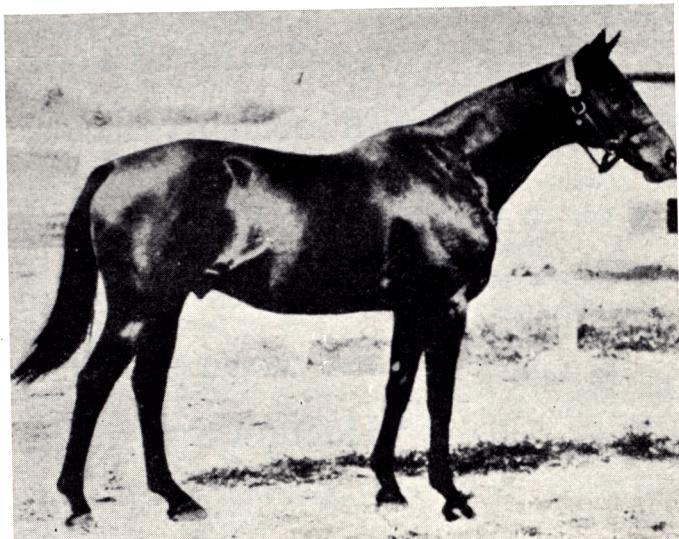
It is only in the tail female line that Challedon's pedigree does not trace back quickly to British roots, though that soon introduces the Musket horse Trenton, allied to another of Challedon's several stirps of St. Simon. Eventually, the tail female is traced also to English origin—the mare Eltham Lass, which was imported about 80 years ago, being its founder in America. Trenton was brought from New Zealand by the late William Allison to stand at the Cobham Stud, in Surrey. Allison, as the Special Commissioner of "The Sportsman," used to advocate his faith in certain lines of blood to provocative excess, and not without self-interest, but from what I, as a much

younger man, can remember of his propaganda and fetishism, it seems that his ideas about the value of Musket blood are being thoroughly substantiated.

Its principal male line in England comes from his son Carbine, through Spearmint, Spion Kop and Felstead. It has suffered periods of unpopularity, but Felstead is the sire of Rockfel, while Spearmint was the grand-sire of Bois Roussel,

Dam:—Laura Gal: Sir Gallahad III: Teddy, Plucky Liege. Laura Dianti: Wrack, Lady Errant.

The late Lord Dewar bought Challenger II as a yearling for 5,000 guineas at the Newmarket July sales of 1928. Challenger was bred by the National Stud. Lord Dewar sent him to Fred Darling to train at Beckhampton. He won both his races as a two-year-old, the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood, and



*Challedon, son of Challenger II. and Laura Gal, one of the greatest thoroughbreds ever seen in America.*

a reflection which bring me back to Challedon, whose maternal grand-sire Sir Gallahad III is half-brother to Bois Roussel, both being sons of the Spearmint mare Plucky Liege. Challedon, therefore, has two lines of Musket, one through Trenton and the other from Carbine.

Here is a short pedigree of Challedon:—

Sire:—Challenger II: Swynford: John o' Gaunt, Canterbury Pilgrim. Sword Play: Great Sport, Flash of Steel.

the Clearwell Stakes at Newmarket. He was placed third in the Free Handicap, only 2lb. below the top-weight Diolite. Lord Dewar, who had endeavoured unsuccessfully for the greater part of his life to buy or breed a potential Derby winner, thought that he would at last achieve his ambition with Challenger, but, before the colt could begin his three-year-old career, Lord Dewar died, and the colt's engagements were rendered void. It was the alteration to this rule which en-

(Continued on Page 14.)

## *For Better Health*

# HELIDON SPA

- \* A natural, sparkling mineral water straight from Helidon Springs . . . . . rich in certain health-giving salts that are practically all destroyed by over-refining in ordinary foods.
- \* HELIDON SPA corrects over-acidity . . . improves digestion . . . helps to purify the blood and clear the skin. Taken daily, Helidon Spa makes up for some of the deficiencies of our modern diet. Its tingling effervescence is agreeable to the palate. It is ideal for mixing with Whisky or Gin. Stocked in all bars in the Club.

# HELIDON SPA

## *For Better Health*

# Links with the Past

(By Frank Clune, "Golf in Australia")

(Continued from April, 1940, issue.)

Lieutenant King, R.N., boarded the Frenchman, and welcomed De La Perouse to Britain's infant colony. French wine flowed freely, as the toasts of King George and King Louis were drunk by the officers with hearty huzzas and vivas.

The Frenchmen told how they had been attacked by savages in Samoa, and Captain de Langle, with eleven of the crew, had been massacred, and twenty men cruelly wounded. One of those injured was a priest, Father Receveur, who was "a man of amiable manners and great good sense."

For six weeks the French ships lay at anchor in Botany Bay, and many a hopeful convict from Sydney travelled overland through the bottle-brushes to seek employment with the Frenchmen as a means of escape from this penal English colony. But vain was their hope.

The French sailors constructed a "fortification of palisadoes" on the beach, as they were taking no chances with "the Indians of New Holland, who, though very weak and few in number, are very mischievous."

The wounded priest, Father Receveur, grew weaker, then died. He was buried on the northern shore of Botany Bay, and mass for the repose of his soul was sung by his fellow priest, Abbe Monges.

Over his grave his mourning comrades placed a wooden cross, on which was written:—

*Hic Jacet  
L. RECEVEUR,  
E.F.F. Minibus Galliae, Sacerdos,  
Physicus,  
In Circumnavigazione Mundi,  
Duce De La Perouse,  
Obiit Die 17 Februarii, Anno 1788.*

"Here lies," says the Latin, "the Franciscan Friar L. Receveur, a native of France, a priest and a scientist, who died on February 17, 1788, when navigating the world under command of La Perouse."

Then the gallant Frenchman departed out of Botany Bay, and out of the world—as both his ships were wrecked and the crews murdered in the coral cays of thousand-isled Melanesia.

Nothing of historical note occurred at Botany Bay for 138 years after the departure of Monsieur De La Perouse.

The banksias bloomed, and the flannel flowers flourished by the shores, while, over the blue-green waters of the Bay, the seagulls whirled and mewed plaintively in lament for the Saxon and the Gaul who had died and enriched the soil so far from their homes.

On the south side of the Bay, at Kurnell, Seaman Sutherland slept, and, across the waters by the sandy northern shore, Father Receveur rested in peace, while England and France became foes in the days of Napoleon, and Allies in the days of the Kaiser.

And then came the historic 17th day of March, in the Year of Our Lord, 1926, when the New South Wales Golf Club Company Limited on St. Patrick's Day signed a contract for a twenty years' lease of one hundred and twenty-five acres on the northern foreshore, where Cook had filled his barrels, Phillip had spied the horizon, and La Perouse had erected his palisadoes.

Then history warmed up. A championship golf course of eighteen holes was laid down, with a modern club house, containing the

nineteenth hole, to bring rest and refreshment to weary warriors, as prescribed by Royal and Ancient Rules and precedents.

And so Botany Bay flourishes with new vigour.

Once the Wild Black roamed these foreshores, with nulla-nulla, spear and kylie, tailed by his faithful lubra, carrying a dilly-bag.

To-day, over the same hallowed ground, the Wild White roams, with putter, niblick, and brassie, tailed by his faithful caddie, carrying a golf-bag.

Where once the keen-eyed abo. hunted the jungly rough for goannas, to-day his descendants from the Aboriginal Reservation traipse over the turf in pursuit of the elusive pill.

The nulla-nulla of the naked native has been replaced by the niblick of the nervous novice; and, where the abo. wielded his womerah, now the golfer waggles his wood.

The guttural "warra-warras" yabbled by the Myalls are heard no more; but, in their stead, adjectival blasphemies startle the larks, soaring above the emerald greens and sandy bunkers forinst the Bay.

Gone are the palisadoes erected by navigator La Perouse to keep the natives from too much walk-about. In their stead the Artillery Bombadiers have erected a stone wall palisado, embellished with cut-glass antiques to keep out golfers who wander from the straight and narrow.

And, on the furzed hillside, where Governor-General Phillip, wearing a cocked hat and gold epaulettes, once clambered, seeking a site for a city, to-day Governor-General Gowrie, in plus-fours of tweed, also clambers, seeking a seat at the nineteenth hole.

## AMERICA'S TRIBUTE TO THE ENGLISH TURF

(Continued from Page 11.)

abled Cameronian, bred by Lord Dewar, to run for and win the Derby of 1931 for Mr. John Arthur Dewar.

In "American Race Horses," Mr. C. J. Fitzgerald relates that he was commissioned in 1929 by Messrs. William L. Brann and Robert S. Castle to buy for them a three-year-old in Europe "whose individuality and blood lines would warrant his place at the head of the stud they expected to establish in Maryland." Challenger II was in the market, because of his lost engagements, and, in considering this horse, Mr. Fitzgerald was of the opinion that the blood of Swynford would be most helpful to American families with their predilection for speed. Mr. Dewar, representing the State, asked £15,000 for the colt, but eventually accepted £10,000, the limit of Mr. Fitzgerald's commission.

Before he was shipped, Challenger accidentally injured a hock, and the consequence was that his purchasers could not fulfil their intention to race him for a while after his arrival in the United States. Up to two years ago, John Hervey tells us, Challenger II occupied an obscure position as a stallion in the United States. Few public mares were sent to him, so that, as the result of his first four years at stud, his total produce was only 50 foals. A large proportion of these were bred by his owner, Mr. Brann, and raced by him. Due chiefly to the achievements of Calledon, Challenger II was the leading sire last year, and he now commands a fee of 1,000 dollars.

Among the seven two-year-olds which the author considers worthy of inclusion in "American Race Horses," 1939, is the gelding Victory Morn, by Challenger II out of Bright Luna, by the imported Bright Knight out of the American-bred Kiluna. Bright Knight (Gay Crusader—Sunny Jane) was bred by Lord Astor, for whom he won good races and over £6,000 in England.

Another English-bred stallion, Cohort, is responsible for one of the best two-year-olds and a high-class three-year-old filly of last year's racing in the United States. Like Challenger II, his stud career began on a lowly plane. Cohort is by the 1919 Derby winner Grand Parade (great-grandson of the famous American sire Hanover) out of Tetrabbazia, by the Tetrarch. Cohort was sold as a yearling by the Hamilton Stud to Alfred Sadler for 300 guineas in 1926, and was trained by Sam Darling to win two races as a three-year-old for Mr. H. Pulitzer, who races both in America and England. Later, Tetrabbazia produced Singapore, by Gainsborough, and for this colt Lord Glanely gave 12,500 guineas, and won the St. Leger of 1930 with him.

Mr. Pulitzer sent Cohort to the United States, and, as the colt did not stand training, he was sent to a Kentucky stud. There were winners among his first two-year-olds to run in 1933, but, when he was put up for sale in August of that year, there was little interest in him and he was bought for 900 dollars by Mr. Horace N. Davis, at whose stud the horse had been standing. Cohort's fee is now 1,000 dollars!

Of the nine leading handicap horses in the United States last year, two were sired by Sir Gallahad III, one by his brother Bull Dog, and another by Sickle, exported by Lord Derby. Sickle, by Phalaris out of Selene, is half-brother to Hyperion. Included also in his category are the imported horses Isolater and Kayak II. Isolater is by Blandford out of Priscilla Carter, an American-bred mare, who was sent by Mr. William Woodward, Chairman of the New York Jockey Club, to his stud in Ireland. Priscilla Carter's first foal was the well-remembered Alcazar, a good winner for Mr. Woodward in England, Isolater was not raced here, but made his debut in the United States as a three-year-old. Kayak II, winner of the world's richest race, the Santa Anita Handicap, was bred in the Argentine, by Congreve (by Copyright, son of Tracer) out of Mosquita by Your Majesty out of

La Mouche by Cyllene. The eight great-grandparents of Kayak II were all British.

Mr. John Hay Whitney writes a foreword to this book, and in it reminds those of us who are concerned about the care of the world's best thoroughbred stock during this war that "breeding is the cornerstone of racing, that the race is more important than the bet, and that a good horse deserves a good owner and a sympathetic public." "America," says Mr. Whitney, "has become the custodian of many sacred traditions while the world is at war. Racing is surely not the least important object of our trust at a time when it may be difficult if not impossible to carry on the sport in other countries."

There is not a "close" season for flat-racing in the United States; it runs the whole year through. Over 2,100 racing days are arranged per annum, over 16,200 races are run and about 15 million dollars (roughly £3,000,000) distributed in prize money. In England, Scotland and Ireland, during the last full season of 1938, the number of flat-races was 2,418, and the total prize money £801,430. The average number of runners per race under Jockey Club rules is considerably higher than those for America, and Mr. Hervey remarks that there are now so many "stake" events that a sufficient number of horses of high class, in all departments, cannot be provided to make fields of adequate size and quality for these races. "Stakes" in America are the equivalent of our more valuable weight-for-age sweepstakes. There are single days in the height of the season when about 15 and 20 stake races are decided simultaneously in various parts of the United States and Canada.

("Yeoman," in "The Field.")

# Billiards and Snooker

April ushers in the billiards season, and, as usual, the Club will shortly announce particulars of the annual tournaments. Judged by the manner in which tables are occupied each lunch hour these days, there are several members intent on causing worry to coming opposition.

A visit to the second floor any day will provide excellent entertainment, and, be it remembered, it is not essential that one be controlling a cue to extract pleasure from a game. Many of our members are accomplished cueists, and are always worth watching.

Incidentally, if any member has aspirations regarding forthcoming events, now is the time to be up and doing with regard to one's cue.

Many a game has been lost through sheer neglect of attention to gear.

If your cue needs a new tip, best get it done now, so that it can be worked up to requirements gradually. A new tip is always spongy to start, and when it flattens down is likely to protrude over the edges of the wood. All that must be attended to, not only for efficiency, but also for enjoyment—it is difficult to enjoy oneself if some trivial thing goes wrong.

It is interesting to note how billiards players of England are rallying to the cause of patriotism and playing games wherewith to drag shekels into Patriotic Funds.

My last English mail shows that our old friend, Joe Davis, has, to date, collected nearly £800 by his own effort, in conjunction with Tom Newman, who, by the way, is also well known to many of our members.

Newman, it will be remembered, took seriously ill during the match with Walter Lindrum in Sydney

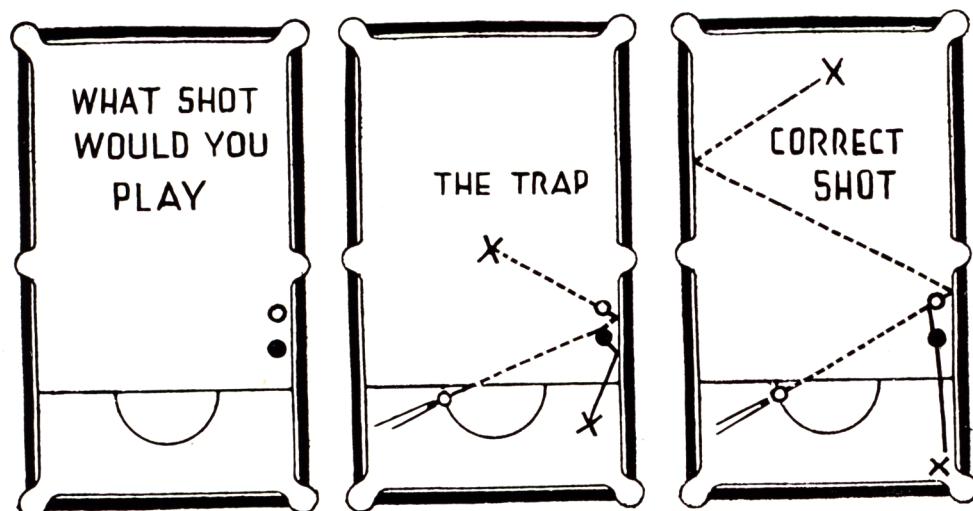
about seven years back. Other players of note are likewise doing their bit, and £1,143 has been handed over.

Davis and Newman played an exhibition game at the Victoria Club, London (home of Turf habitués), and £145 was added to the Fund as a result.

Strange though it may seem, billiards in England is receiving a tremendous uplift as a result of Hitler and Coy.'s activities. The

game. Pity there are not more tables of the home variety in this country. We possess the greatest player of all time, and there never was a period when Australia did not possess a champion up near world class.

Of interest to members is news that the Billiards' and Control Council of England will not conduct an election of officers during the period of National Emergency. Our esteemed member, W.



*World's champion, Walter Lindrum, shows one of the shots in his repertoire. Note how the balls are "split" when playing the shot shown in the centre diagram. Lindrum prefers a "screw" which drives opposing white to billiard spot and knocks red to easy potting position.*

dreaded black-outs have, unsuspectingly, been just what table manufacturers have needed for years.

According to my informant (a gentleman high up in the business) the call for home-size tables, especially the 6ft. x 3ft. standard, has been far beyond wildest anticipations. "People cannot go out at night, so they are seeing to it that entertainment is provided at home," runs the letter.

What a wonderful crop of champions that procedure will provide in future years.

The younger fry will become billiards-minded automatically, and, what is more, will learn much of the ballistics as applied to the

("Billy") Longworth is a vice-president by appointment.

The decision is wise, as it ensures continuity of sane government during these times of stress.

Members are also reminded that it is now within their power to have their names inscribed on the scroll of fame. Players making 100-break at billiards and 30 at snooker can, by paying the sum of one shilling, have the fact recorded by the B. A. and C. C. and a certificate issued.

A move is being made to include the table in the certificate business, the idea being to display same when players insist that the table is untrue, etc., etc.

(Continued on Page 20.)

# RACING FIXTURES

## 1940.

### MAY.

Hawkesbury .... Wednesday, 1st  
 Moorefield .... Saturday, 4th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 8th  
**Tattersall's Club** .... **Saturday, 11th**  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 15th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 18th  
 Rosehill .... Wednesday, 22nd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 25th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 29th

### JUNE.

Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 1st  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 5th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 8th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 12th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 15th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 17th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 19th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 22nd  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 26th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 29th

### JULY.

Ascot .... Wednesday, 3rd  
 Kensington .... Saturday, 6th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 10th  
 Moorefield .... Saturday, 13th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 17th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 20th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 24th

### JULY—Continued.

Rosebery .... Saturday, 27th  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 31st

### AUGUST.

Moorefield .... Saturday, 3rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Mon., 5th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 7th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 10th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 14th  
 Victoria Park .... Saturday, 17th  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 21st  
 Moorefield .... Saturday, 24th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 28th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 31st

### SEPTEMBER.

Rosebery ..... Wednesday, 4th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 7th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 11th  
**Tattersall's Club** .... **Saturday, 14th**  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 18th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 21st  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 25th  
 Hawkesbury ..... Saturday, 28th

### OCTOBER.

Ascot .... Wednesday, 2nd  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 5th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Mon., 7th  
 (Eight-Hours Day)  
 Australian Jockey Club, Wed., 9th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 12th

### OCTOBER—Continued.

Rosebery .... Wednesday, 16th  
 City Tattersall's .... Saturday, 19th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 23rd  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 26th  
 Victoria Park .... Wednesday, 30th

### NOVEMBER.

Moorefield .... Saturday, 2nd  
 Ascot .... Wednesday, 6th  
 Canterbury Park .... Saturday, 9th  
 Rosebery .... Wednesday, 13th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 16th  
 Kensington .... Wednesday, 20th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 23rd  
 Rosebery .... Monday, 25th  
 Hawkesbury .... Wednesday, 27th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 30th

### DECEMBER.

A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Wed., 4th  
 A.J.C. (Warwick Farm), Sat., 7th  
 Victoria Park ..... Wednesday, 11th  
 Rosehill .... Saturday, 14th  
 Ascot ..... Wednesday, 18th  
 Australian Jockey Club, Sat., 21st  
 Australian Jockey Club, Thurs., 26th  
 (Boxing Day)  
**Tattersall's Club** .... **Saturday, 28th**

## 1941

### JANUARY.

**Tattersall's Club** .... **Wednesday, 1st**

# Club Reil

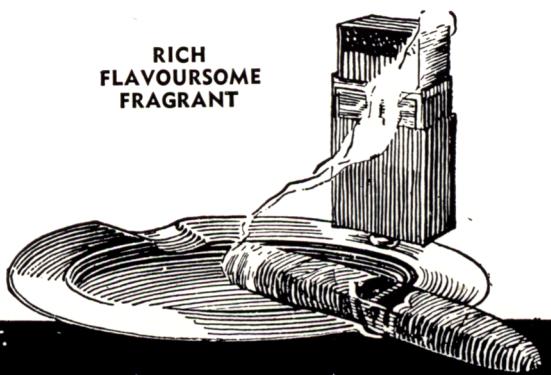
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# Pool Splashes

## McGilvray's Dewar Cup Lead in Danger Murphy Takes Monthly Point Score

Just to show how the whips are cracking in this year's race for the Dewar Cup, it is interesting to note that seven swimmers have scored over ninety points against three at the same period in 1939.

No quarter is being given, and, though George McGilvray is still in the lead, his margin was cut down during the month by Godhard and Dexter, who advanced from fourth place to second and third respectively, and are seriously challenging the "Blond Bomber."

But the big effort of the month was by Murphy, who won the monthly Point Score, and shot up the ladder from eighth to fifth place, only 12 points behind the leader.

Fourteen points still cover the first seven men, and, with twelve races yet to be swum before the end of the season, it would take a real prophet to tip who will stride up to receive the Cup at the Annual Ball in August.

Two previous winners, in Godhard and Goldie, are well in the running, and, as the former is going

so well, it would not be any surprise to see him land the Blue Riband of the Swimming Club.

Dave Tarrant has announced that he will again present a cup to the runner-up. Thanks, Dave!

Points scored are as follow:—

G. McGilvray, 105½; C. Godhard, 102; J. Dexter, 101½; W. S. Edwards, 100; N. P. Murphy, 93½; G. Goldie, 93½; T. H. English, 91½; A. S. Block, 86; V. Richards, 65; I. Stanford, 65; R. Payne, 59; R. J. Withycombe, 41; B. Partridge, 40.

Most of the swimmers are combining handball with swimming at present and getting plenty of kick out of it.

It's really great in the Athletic Department these days—a hive of activity, in fact—and to those members who do not realise the benefit to be gained from regular visits to the Third Floor let us recommend it as a fine habit to develop.

With Winter just round the corner, less fortunate enthusiasts are

putting their swimming costumes into mothballs, whilst Tattersall's Club members are just continuing on their enjoyable way, for Winter makes no difference in the Pool.

The big item of the last month of the 1939-40 season was the victory of Noel Ryan in the N.S.W. Mile Championship for the eighth time.

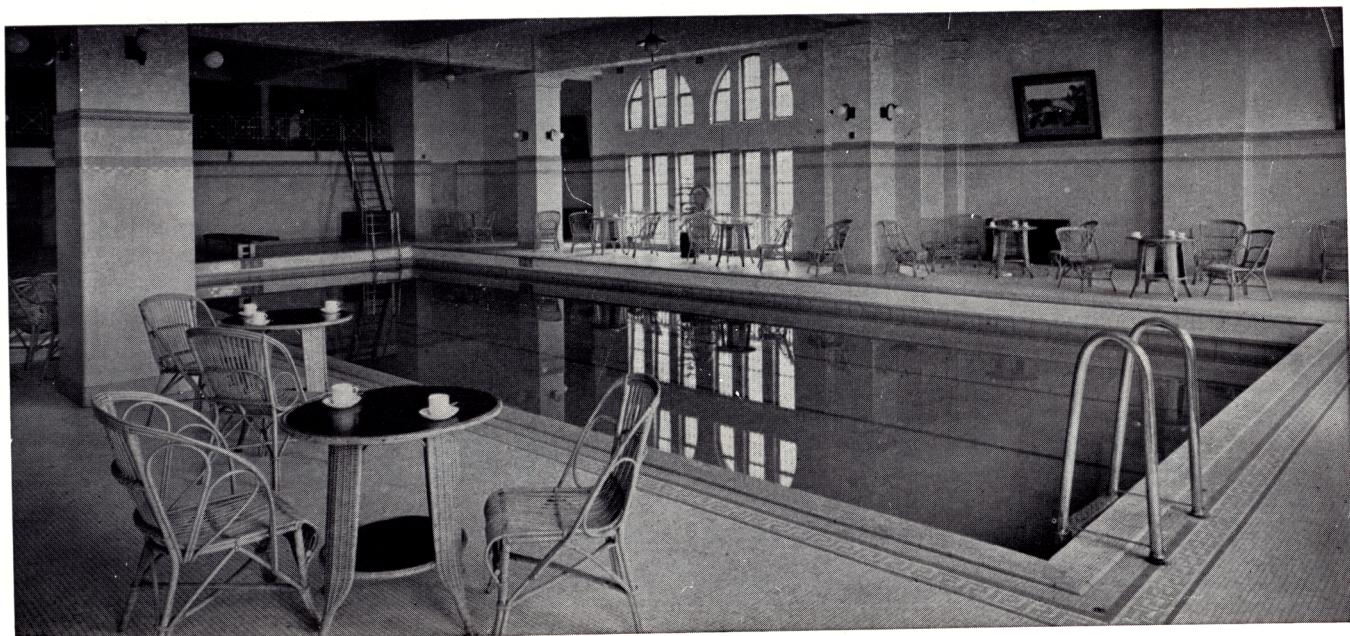
That certainly is a record, and we "dips our lids" to the great little swimmer from Manly, who has kept the N.S.W. flag flying for so many years, and bids fair to be in the forefront for years to come.

It is good to hear that the A.I.F. in Palestine is enjoying at least one home comfort—surfing.

From reports we learn that organised surf-patrols are in course of formation, so that the beaches will be kept safe.

Six surf-reels are being sent from Sydney to the troops, so we can look forward to news of surf com-

(Continued on Page 19.)



*The Club Swimming Pool.*

WOOLFE'S MEAT MOVES



FROM RANGE

TO RANGE

THROUGH BOTH STORES

ENJOY FRESH SAUSAGES

**HENRY WOOLFE**

*Two Famous Meat Stores*

650 GEORGE STREET . . . 130 PITT STREET

Brickfield Hill.

nearly opposite General Post Office.

## POOL SPLASHES

(Continued from Page 17)

petitions if more serious matters do not intervene. The boys will have their fun wherever they go, and sport is certainly a fine break for them.

They are lucky to be able to indulge in surfing, as some of the lads in France during the last war would have given anything for a few good "shoots."

So keen were some of them, including the late Lieut. Cecil Healy, that they arranged to have word sent to them when anything looking like a good wave hove in sight.

One happy day the good word arrived, and, full of beans and anticipation, the joyous would-be-surfer-warriors went post haste for the shore.

But they didn't even have a chance to try out the waves, as watchful gendarmes headed them off and refused to let them enter the water in such rough seas.

### Results.

March 28th:—40-yards Handicap: C. Godhard (23), 1; T. H. English (25), 2; N. P. Murphy (26), 3. Time: 23 secs.

April 4th:—80-yards Brace Relay Handicap: J. Dexter and N. P. Murphy (48), 1; T. H. English and G. Goldie (57), 2; W. S. Edwards and C. Godhard (44), 3. Time: 48 secs.

April 11th:—60-yards Handicap: J. Dexter (38), 1; N. P. Murphy (42), 2; C. Godhard (38), 3. Time: 36 2/5 secs.

April 18th:—40-yards Handicap: G. McGilvray (22), 1; J. Dexter (22), 2; N. P. Murphy (25), 3. Time: 22 secs.

March-April Point Score:—N. P. Murphy (27), 1; C. Godhard (25), 2; J. Dexter (24½), 3; G. McGilvray and T. H. English (20), tie, 4; W. S. Edwards (16½), 6; A. S. Block (15), 7; G. Goldie (14), 8.

## The Mother State

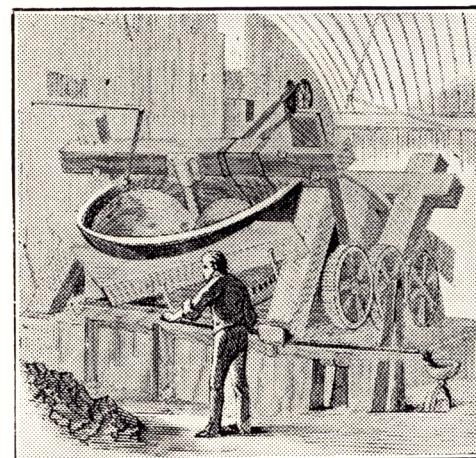
A Chateau Tanunda Historical Feature.

SERIES No. 49.

### DEVELOPMENT OF THE GOLDFIELDS.

NO time was lost after Hargraves's announcement of his discovery of gold in the exploitation of the gold deposits. During the remaining seven months of the year 1851 no less than 116,256oz of gold was produced, which amount was increased in the following year to 818,751oz. The value of the gold obtained from the various fields which had been opened up amounted to £4,910,454 for the three years ending December 31, 1853. These figures will serve to give some conception of the enormous wealth that lay in the gold deposits of Australia, and it must be remembered that practically all of this wealth had come from alluvial gold or as the result of hand crushing of comparatively small amounts of quartz. Thus far no machinery had been employed in the development of the industry.

THE introduction of machinery paved the way for the full development of the great gold-bearing reefs, and, while it was perhaps not so spectacular as the alluvial workings, resulted in the winning of enormous



An Early Goldmining Machine. (Below) — The Beyer-Holtermann Nugget. (Govt. Printer Photo.)

End-Tambaroora field. These machines, of course, were of a comparatively primitive type and were not capable of dealing with any large quantity of ore at one crushing.

TOWARDS the end of the 'sixties and in the early 'seventies a great deal of attention was paid to the matter of reef-mining. One of the first reefs extensively worked on this principle was that on the Rose of England claim. First work on this began in 1858 and before any company was floated some £28,000 of gold had been taken from the reef. To give some idea of the great richness of the ore in this locality (the claim was at Hawkin's Hill), it may be mentioned that from one ton of specially selected quartz more than 800 ounces of gold was obtained. In 1871 came the discovery of the celebrated Beyer's and Holtermann's "nugget," a huge slab of gold obtained from the reef which was worked by this partnership on Hawkin's Hill. This was obtained at a depth of some 130ft beneath the surface. This great mass of gold weighed some 630 pounds; had a height of 4ft 9in, breadth of 2ft 2in, and an average thickness of 4in. The value of this lump of gold was approximately £12,000.



wealth from the goldfields. It was at Hawkin's Hill, part of the celebrated Hill End-Tambaroora field, near Orange, that the first goldmining machinery was installed in 1852. This was apparently the first place at which reef mining was attempted in Australia. Next came the setting up of elaborate crushing machinery by the Great Nugget Vein Company on the banks of Louisa Creek. In 1857 we learn that another battery was erected at Sargeant's Hill, another part of the Hill

FROM the seven important claims which were located on Hawkin's Hill in the period 1871-1872 considerably more than half a million pounds worth of gold was won. From Beyer's and Holtermann's claim £130,000 was obtained, while from Krohmann's claim came £203,000. This great wealth is the more remarkable when it is taken into consideration that the widths of the various claims along the reef were extremely small. Krohmann's, which was the largest, was a matter of but 128ft, while Holtermann's was three feet narrower. Some of the smaller claims were as narrow as 50ft.

TO-DAY goldmining must be numbered among the less important of the industries of New South Wales, but its importance during the middle of last century in shaping the destiny of the colony and of lifting it swiftly from a continued depression cannot be over-emphasised. Also, though naturally of less value, the gold era provided one of the most romantic periods in the history of this State.

## Handball

Joe Harris continues on his winning way, and at time of writing he had an unbeaten record in twenty-eight games in the first of the Handball Club's competitions of the season.

The main topic upstairs now is who, if anyone, will stop Joe's all-conquering run.

The other way round, Alf Pick has a remarkable record, for he has lost twenty-six of his twenty-seven games, and was really a bit disappointed that his unwinning record went west when he downed Bill Tebbutt.

D. Magnus has lost one game in thirteen, whilst John Buckle is the most energetic player, having contested thirty-two games.

Results:—

J. Harris, 28 won, 0 lost; B.

Partridge, 19-3; J. Buckle, 18-14; E. E. Davis, 13-2; E. S. Pratt, 13-6; D. Magnus, 12-1; W. G. Buckle, 12-7; G. McGilvray, 11-6; A. E. Rainbow, 10-10; T. H. English, 10-12; I. Green, 10-13; T. A. Richards, 9-5; W. S. Edwards, 9-8; L. Webb, 8-3; A. S. Block, 8-9; G. Goldie, 7-3; I. Stanford, 7-9; R. J. Withycombe, 7-9; M. Leibermann, 7-14; E. T. Penfold, 6-3; J. N. Creer, 6-10; W. Tebbutt, 5-6; Dr. W. Ingram, 5-6; H. Solomon, 4-2; F. Lazarus, 4-3; R. Payne, 4-10; N. Barrell, 4-11; J. Holmes, 3-2; K. Hunter, 3-6; R. Pollard, 3-7; R. Tobias, 3-9; N. P. Murphy, 3-11; H. Wolfson, 3-11; D. Lake, 2-1; N. E. Penfold, 2-2; W. C. Allan, 2-5; F. McDougall, 1-3; L. S. Parker, 1-6; A. Pick, 1-26; J. Coen, 0-6.

## BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

(Continued from Page 15.)

There is no necessity for the table to be standard — its particular brand will be stated on the certificate.

Talking of English billiards players assisting the Patriotic Fund. Here's the latest story in connection therewith: — Will Fyfe, Scotch comedian, who was here in the flesh a few years back, was engaged to play champion jockey, Bobbie Jones. Jones is a good player, but Fyfe is in the "Z" class. Soon after the start, Fyfe produced a jeweller's magnifying glass from his pocket, picked up his cue-ball, and discovered what he claimed was a flaw. Charlie Chambers, famous referee, who was in charge of the game, agreed, and told the players to go on without it! They did with merriment abounding on all sides, and under Rules provided on the spot by a certain Mr. Bung.

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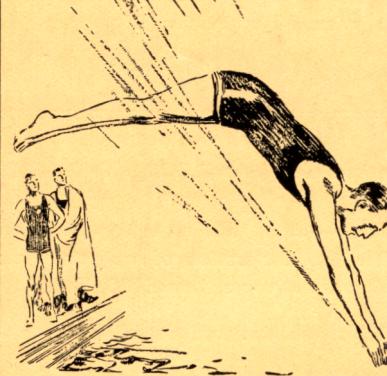
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# **MAY RACE MEETING**

## **Saturday, May 11th, 1940**

**THE HURDLE RACE.**

A Handicap of £250, second £50, third £25 from the prize. The winner of any Hurdle Race or Steeple-chase after the declaration of weights to carry 7lb. extra. Nomination 10/-; Acceptance 10/-.  
**ABOUT ONE MILE AND THREE-QUARTERS.**

**THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.**

(For Two-Year-Old Colts and Geldings.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.  
**FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.**

**THE TWO-YEAR-OLD HANDICAP.**

(For Two-Year-Old Fillies.)

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.  
**FIVE AND A HALF FURLONGS.**

**THE FLYING HANDICAP.**

A Handicap of £500, second £100, third £50 from the prize. Nomination £1; Acceptance £4.  
**SIX FURLONGS**

**THE NOVICE HANDICAP.**

A Handicap of £300, second £50, third £25 from the prize. For all horses which have never at time of starting won a flat race or races (Maiden Race excepted) of the total value to the winner of more than £50. Nomination £1; acceptance £2.  
**ONE MILE AND A QUARTER.**

**THE JAMES BARNES PLATE.**

A Handicap of £750 and trophy valued at £20, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to be selected by owner of winner; second £125, third £75 from the prize. Also gold mounted whip valued at £5, presented by James Barnes, Esq., to rider of winner. Nomination £1; Acceptance £6/10/-.  
**ONE MILE AND THREE FURLONGS.**

**THE WELTER HANDICAP.**

A Handicap of £400, second £65, third £35 from the prize. Lowest handicap weight, 8st. Nomination £1; Acceptance £3.  
**ONE MILE.**

Nominations closed April 29th, 1940. A.J.C. Rules of Racing, By-Laws and Regulations.

**PENALTIES:**—In all flat races a penalty on the following scale shall be carried by the winner of a handicap flat race after the declaration of weights, viz.: When the value of the prize to the winner is £50 or under, 3 lb.; over £50 and not more than £100, 5 lb.; over £100, 7 lb.

**WEIGHTS** to be declared at 10 a.m. on Monday, 6th May, 1940.

**ACCEPTANCES** for all races are due before 1 p.m. on Thursday, 9th May, 1940, with the Secretary of Tattersall's Club, Sydney, only.

The Committee reserve the power from time to time to make any alteration or modification in this programme, alter the date of running, the sequence of the races, time of starting and the time for taking nominations, declaration of handicaps, forfeits or acceptances, and in the event of the false rail being used, races will be run at "ABOUT" the distance advertised.

157 Elizabeth Street.  
SYDNEY.

T. T. MANNING,  
Secretary.